# FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

*Volume XXIII, Number 5, October 1972*

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

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*Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.*

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## ONCE BLIND

*Emily Sargent Councilman*

I battled long to conquer him
(Thinking my enemy Grief),
Wearing my ancient armor pride,
Calling my shield belief,

Calling for courage, strength and will,
Vowing I'd never yield,
But I stumbled often, wounded, spent,
Clutching my paper shield.

Prone at last, unable to win
Where I had wrongly fought,
I heard God speak, "Pride is your foe,
His weapon anxious thought."

O Christ, Conqueror of pride,
Becoming a man as we,
Forgive my blind unheeding will;
Teach me Your humility.

## I COUNT THESE

*Margaret O. Richardson*

I count these as empty days—
when the sun withholds its rays,
times I lay in bed with pains,
days of damp and chilling rains.

I count these as happy hours—
when the sun dispels the showers,
times I'm well and can go out,
when I find no time for doubt.

*GUEST EDITORIAL* by Catherine Cabeen Houck

## TO EACH HIS OWN

### I

*As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

Lovely pictures are brought to mind when we read of pools of clear water reflecting the scene of autumn leaves or small white clouds or deep blue sky. Artists and poets have made good use of all the beauty found therein. A few years ago a poem of mine, entitled "Paradise Found," dramatized my happiness in such a scene of tranquility in the midst of the serenity and calmness of nature. Later, I had another poem accepted by an anthology. The title of this was "A River Sings A Song." Of the two, I would choose the running water. Movement means more to my life than stillness. I like the trees when they are stirred by a breeze, the waving grain, the lapping of the waves at the shore. I like it even more when the breeze becomes a wind, the swaying of the tree tops, the dipping and darting of birds in flight, the clouds racing across the sky.

A rippling pool or a still pond carries the conflict between two choices. To one the stillness signifies amity, peace with self and therefore peace with God. To another the stillness, the smoothness, the lifelessness of the water instills fear of something lurking underneath and therefore to be dreaded. To that person the ripples are necessary, the clear running water brings joy, life, God's love into a sparking reality which brings that one's whole being into a closeness with his Maker.

If someone disturbs my stream by tossing an obstacle into it, I like to watch the conflict, the pushing aside, the ignoring. But even more I like to see the building up of a strong reserve which in time will carry the obstacle in front of it down stream, while freed of its obstruction the water races joyously on, feeling an elation that it has conquered.

## II

*And we dreamed a dream in one night...each man according to the interpretation of his dream.*

Laughter or tears, mirth or sorrow, hope or despair, it is a litany that could be chanted even to the end of time and there still would be no acceptable explanation of why one category falls to one man's lot and the other to his brother. Man is called a free agent with the gift of making his own choice, some would doubt the choosing, some would doubt the major premise. Would it be a wise man who chose all of one and denied himself the other? Would one want life to be all lightness, totally free from care, or all darkness sinking into the depths of anxiety? There is need for each and a time for each. Let man listen to the joyous tones in the preaching of Ecclesiastes: "There is a time for every purpose under heaven....a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance....a time to keep silence and a time to speak." And though he says nothing of the time to ascend the mountain top and the time to come back into the valley, one can be assured that this preacher would have told his listeners that God would be found in both places and that each would offer solace, peace, or inspiration because of His presence.

E. Stanley Jones speaks of the "homeland of the soul," referring to the Kingdom of God, and then asks the reader if this is true. If it is so and is the soul's native air, then it should be as easy and delightful to dwell in it and to tell of its joys as it would be to speak of one's physical homeland with all the remembered pleasures of youth and adulthood. If man agrees and accepts this comparison, he could then share his spiritual life in many ways.

After man meets the physical, psychological and mental needs of his fellow man, what does he offer him for his spiritual well-being? It is in this area that communication breaks down, each becomes reticent to share his beliefs, to speak freely of his enjoyment in living in the "promises" of his faith, to doubt his own worth and to become willing to live on a lower level than that for which he was destined. But if one could think of God's

Kingdom as the "homeland of the soul," how easy and relaxed he would be. He would find himself on at least a small mountain top; speaking freely about his homeland, especially with those who have been there. How the thoughts would flow, how cheerful the mood would become, how great the spirit of fellowship.

## MADE WHOLE *Emma S. McLaughlin*

Last night I stood upon the hill.
I had come weighted with my problems;
they were a hod of bricks upon my shoulder,
a welded length of chain about the ankles;
they pressed upon me,
shackled me to yesterday,
imprisoned me within the tortured hour
and dragged me, a captive slave,
into bleak tomorrows.

I stood, deep-rooted as a tree,
still in the silence, whipped by the winds,
washed in a wave of sunset —
and the silence was Mother-comfort,
wrapping me about with swaddling cloths,
insulating me, binding my severed nerves;
the wind was the eternal harvester,
winnowing the chaff from the grain,
and the sunset was a cleansing pool of fire.

And I? Somehow I was at once the tree
and felt the healing elements
pass upward through my roots.
I lingered while the call of birds,
sweet in the distance,
offered a blessing to the evening star
and the cool breath of earth, blown white,
swirled silent through the valleys.

# THE CHANGELING

(From an Autumn Diary) *Emma S. McLaughlin*

There was something special about the sunrise this morning. It climbed slowly, behind a mountain of dark clouds, searching out every crack and crevice, streaking the sky with banners of gold. All along the western mountains seashells of the morning, left over by the outgoing tide of night, rolled over and over in the swell of the wind, displaying momentarily the delicate pink tints of their linings.

There was nothing to warn me it would be a changeling day, a child of April caught in the ageing hand of autumn.

I was finishing my breakfast coffee along with the last chapter of *Gusty's Child*, when I first became aware of sound. It blew out of the west in quick expulsions, like the breath of a spent runner, and then, as though finding its second wind, it plunged ahead with renewed vigor that soon mounted to a roar. Gone were the fragile shells of the sunrise. Now it seemed that the wind was trying to bring back the weight of the darkness—to erase for all time the light of day.

Here was a fury that possessed not only the world outside, but my own private citadel as well. I was tossed and blown upon it; it swept in, around, and through me, leaving me heir to some intangible part of its wildness.

The fascination of the printed page was gone, lost to the greater consuming fascination of the storm. I sat, face pressed against the coldness of the windowpane, separate—and yet at once a part of it all. The trees were beaten relentlessly and the air sang with the wild release of leaves. They struck the glass with the intensity of hail and I knew that when the end came, all the treasures of autumn would be gone, for I looked into a vortex of color.

There was a final, furious onslaught of rain and then the sun shone upon a yard faceted to brilliance. But the mimosa tree stood stripped and bare. I shivered with nakedness.

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# THE 'I'

*J. Krishnamurti*

"Meditation is of the greatest importance to me; I have been meditating very regularly twice a day for more than twenty-five years. At the beginning it was all very difficult, I had no control over my thoughts and there were far too many distractions; but I gradually cut them out pretty thoroughly. More and more I gave my time and energy to the final end. I have been to various teachers and have followed several different systems of meditation, but somehow I was never satisfied with any of them—perhaps 'satisfaction' is not the right word. They all led to a certain point, depending on the particular system, and I found myself becoming a mere result of the system, which was not the final end. But from all these experimentations I have learned to master my thoughts completely, and my emotions also are entirely under control. I have practiced deep breathing to quiet the body and the mind. I have repeated the sacred word and fasted for long periods; morally I have been upright, and worldly things have no attraction for me. But after all these years of struggle and effort, of discipline and denial, there is not the peace, the bliss of which the Great Ones speak. On rare occasions there have been enlightening moments of deep ecstasy, the intuitive promise of greater things; but I seem unable to pierce the illusion of my own mind, and I am endlessly caught in it. A cloud of confusing despair is descending upon me and there is increasing sorrow."

We were sitting on the bank of a wide river, close to the water. The town was up the river, some distance away. A boy was singing on the other bank. The sun was setting behind us and there were heavy shadows on the water. It was a beautiful, still evening, with masses of clouds toward the east, and the deep river seemed hardly to be flowing. To all this expanding beauty he was completely oblivious; he was wholly absorbed in his problem. We were silent, and he had closed his eyes; his

stern face was calm, but inwardly there was an intense struggle going on. A flock of birds settled down at the water's edge; their cries must have carried across the river, for presently another flock came from the other shore and joined them. There was a timeless silence covering the earth.

During all these years, have you ever stopped striving after the final end? Do not will and effort make up the 'I', and can the process of time lead to the eternal?

"I have never consciously stopped striving after that for which my heart, my whole being longs. I dare not stop; if I did, I would fall back, I would deteriorate. It is the very nature of all things to struggle ever upwards, and without will and effort there would be stagnation; without this purposive striving, I could never go beyond and above myself."

Can the 'I' ever free itself from its own bondage and illusions? Must not the 'I' cease for the nameless to be? And does not this constant striving after the final end only strengthen the self, however concentrated its desire may be? You struggle after the final end, and another pursues worldly things; your effort may be more ennobling, but it is still the desire to gain, is it not?

"I have overcome all passion, all desire, except this one, which is more than desire; it is the only thing for which I live."

Then you must die to this too, as you are dead to other longings and desires. Through all these years of struggle and constant elimination, you have strengthened yourself in this one purpose, but it is still within the field of the 'I'. And you want to experience the unnamable—that is your longing, is it not?

"Of course. Beyond a shadow of a doubt I want to know the final end, I want to experience God."

The experiencer is ever being conditioned by his experience. If the experiencer is aware that he is experiencing, then the experience is the outcome of his self-projected desires. If you know you are experiencing God, then that God is the projection of your hopes and illusions. There is no freedom for the experiencer, he is forever caught in his own experiences; he is the maker of time and he can never experience the eternal.

"Do you mean to say that that which I have diligently built up, with considerable effort and through wise choice, must be destroyed? And must I be the instrument of its destruction?"

Can the 'I' positively set about negating itself? If it does, its motive, its intention is to gain that which is not possessed. Whatever its activity, however noble its aim, any effort on the part of the 'I' is still within the field of its own memories, idiosyncracies and projections, whether conscious or unconscious. The 'I' may divide itself into the organic 'I', and the 'non-I' or transcendental self; but this dualistic separation is an illusion in which the mind is caught. Whatever may be the movement of the mind, of the 'I', it can never free itself; it may go from level to level, from stupid to more intelligent choice, but its movement will always be within the sphere of its own making.

"You seem to cut off all hope. What is one to do?"

You must be completely denuded, without the weight of the past or the enticement of a hopeful future—which does not mean despair. If you are in despair, there is no emptiness, no nakedness. You cannot 'do' anything. You can and must be still, without any hope, longing, or desire; but you cannot determine to be still, suppressing all noise, for in that very effort there is noise. Silence is not the opposite of noise.

The evening star was reflected in the peaceful river.

* * *

Early next morning he came back. The sun was just showing itself above the tree-tops, and there was a mist over the river. A boat with wide sails, heavily laden with firewood, was lazily floating down the river; except for the one at the rudder, the men were all asleep on different parts of the boat. It was very still, and the daily human activities along the river had not yet begun.

"In spite of my outward impatience and anxiety, inwardly I must have been alert to what you were saying yesterday, for when I woke up this morning there was a certain sense of freedom and a clarity that comes with understanding. I did my usual morning meditation for an hour before sunrise, and I am not at all

sure that my mind isn't caught in a number of widening illusions. May we proceed from where we left off?"

We cannot begin exactly where we left off, but we can look at our problem afresh. The outward and inward mind is ceaselessly active, receiving impressions; caught in its memories and reactions, it is an aggregate of many desires and conflicts. It functions only within the field of time, and in that field there is contradiction, the opposition of will or desire, which is effort. This psychological activity of the 'I', of the 'me' and the 'mine', must cease, for such activity causes problems and brings about various forms of agitation and disorder. But any effort to stop this activity only makes for greater activity and agitation.

"That is true, I have noticed it. The more one tries to make the mind still, the more resistance there is, and one's effort is spent in overcoming this resistance; so it becomes a vicious and unbreakable circle."

If you are aware of the viciousness of this circle and realize that *you* cannot break it, then with this realization the censor, the observer, ceases to be.

"That seems to be the most difficult thing to do: to suppress the observer. I have tried, but so far I have never been able to succeed. How is one to do it?"

Are you not still thinking in terms of the 'I' and the 'non-I'? Are you not maintaining this dualism within the mind by word, by constant repetition of experience and habit? After all, the thinker and his thought are not two different processes, but we make them so in order to attain a desired end. The censor comes into being with desire. Our problem is not how to suppress the censor, but to understand desire.

"There must be an entity which is capable of understanding, a state which is apart from ignorance."

The entity which says, 'I understand,' is still within the field of the mind; it is still the observer, the censor, is it not?

"Of course it is; but I do not see how this observer can be eradicated. And *can* it be?

Let us see. We were saying that it is essential to understand desire. Desire can and does divide itself into pleasure and pain, wisdom and ignorance; one desire opposes another, the more

profitable conflicts with the less profitable, and so on. Though for various reasons it may separate itself, desire is in fact an indivisible process, is it not?

"This is a difficult thing to grasp. I am so used to opposing one desire by another, to suppressing and transforming desire, that I cannot as yet be fully aware of desire as a single, unitary process; but now that you have pointed it out, I am beginning to feel that it is so."

Desire may break itself up into many opposing and conflicting urges, but it is still desire. These many urges go to make up the 'I', with its memories, anxieties, fears, and so on, and the entire activity of this 'I' is within the field of desire; it has no other field of activity. That is so, is it not?

"Please go on. I am listening with my whole being, trying to go beyond the words, deeply and without effort."

Our problem, then, is this: is it possible for the activity of desire to come to an end voluntarily, freely, without any form of compulsion? It is only when this happens that the mind can be still. If you are aware of this as a fact, does not the activity of desire come to an end?

"Only for a very brief period; then once again the habitual activity begins. How can this be stopped? . . . But as I ask, I see the absurdity of asking!"

You see how greedy we are; we want ever more and more. The demand for the cessation of the 'I' becomes the new activity of the 'I'; but it is not new, it is merely another form of desire. Only when the mind is spontaneously still can the other, that which is not of the mind, come into being.

(From J. Krishnamurti's COMMENTARIES ON LIVING, Second Series, published by The Theosophical Publishing House. Used by permission of Krishnamurti Writings, Inc., Ojai, California)

*The habit of prayer communicates a penetrating sweetness to the glance, the voice, the smile, the tears—to all one says, or does, or writes.* —*Joseph Roux*

# MEDITATIONS FOR HEALING EMOTIONS

*Mildred Long*

My Father speaks to me:

*TO HEAL GUILT*

Child of Mine, I have told you that your sins are blotted out, buried in the depth of the sea, as far removed from Me as east is from west. I have told you to confess and receive forgiveness and cleansing. Yet you hold still in your heart a sense of guilt.

I know your heart and I will reveal to you, little by little, that which must be cast out. But it is not for you to live in this darkness. You confessed; I have promised. Now let go and claim your freedom from guilt according to My promise.

You do not understand that you are still self-conscious, therefore too sensitive to feelings of blame. You are still self-centered and something deep down within you that you do not understand takes pleasure in feeling guilty. Open up this room in your heart where you harbor these feelings. Bring them out into the Light. Believe Me and receive healing.

Go deeper yet. Dig out all resentment toward anyone or anything and forgive all wholeheartedly. For it is in forgiving others that you receive forgiveness for yourself. Every bit of resentment in your heart blocks My forgiveness in your realization.

It is simple. Give all these feelings of resentment and guilt to Me. Trust Me. Then My work through the Holy Spirit in you can be complete and your heart healed.

Empty yourself of self, over and over. Then fill yourself with My love.

*TO HEAL WORRY*

My child, do not fret and worry. It only stirs up the mud and adds confusion to darkness. I tell you in the Word: Do not fret

about anything: it only leads to evil doing. Fret and worry in themselves are sins. Then sin grows because these lead you into other sins: complaining, unbelief, even jealousy and anger. Put them away from you as you would avoid scorpions. Their sting is more deadly.

Child of Mine, you fret and worry because you do not love Me enough. You are not willing to face life as I send it or allow it and seek to find My love in every event. You seem to think it is a personal offense against you when things go wrong. Could anything be more self-centered than that? Is the world made to revolve about you alone? Offenses must needs come to all because of sin in the world. But if you trust Me, I can make good come out of seeming evil. Believe this, My child, and let Me do it for you. Put Me first in your love, in your thinking, and you will have fewer and fewer things to worry about.

You fret and worry also because you do not take Me at My word. I tell you all needed things will be added to you when you seek first My Kingdom. You do not believe Me. For when you are worrying, you are certainly not seeking My Kingdom first. The very act of worry blocks off My supply. And you rob Me of your fellowship and your love. My child, love me enough to believe Me, to take Me at My word—and all of life will be reborn for you.

I have loved you with an everlasting love. Before the foundations of the world I knew the plan for your life. On Calvary I died for you. I forgave your sins—all of them. I redeemed you because I love you and need you. My child, what more can I do to prove My love? Let Me hold you to My heart and set you free from the bondage of worry and fear. Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

*TO HEAL ALL BURIED HURTS*

My child, take a deep look into your heart today. Why do you still feel a hurt because of what happened ten years ago, or twenty years ago, or one year ago? Why are not all of these hurts healed long since?

Why were you hurt? Because you were too sensitive. You felt your feelings too keenly, and then you allowed that feeling

to take root and grow into a grievance, an injury. Nothing can hurt you—ever—if you are wrapped in My love. If you wear the armor of righteousness. That was your sin. You were living in self, not in Me.

But now after all these years those hurts are deeply buried. For hurts stay until they are healed. Even the hurt you received in your sensitive soul as an infant has to be brought to light and healed by My love.

So dig deep. Bring them all out one by one and give them to Me. I will transform them. Wrap them in My love. It is soothing and covers them all over. Then leave them with Me. Do it over and over till you can look deep into your inner consciousness and find there only peace and contentment.

You have seen a black cloud suddenly illumined by a rainbow at the edge. You have seen grey clouds at sunset become luminous and full of glory and brilliant colors. You have seen a caterpillar changed into a butterfly with gorgeous wings. This is My handiwork to prove to you that I can change your darkness to Light and beauty and transform all those hurts and wounds into rainbows of promise and wings of achievement. But I can do this only if you give them to Me and allow them to be changed by the application of My love.

I have loved you with so great a love. Love Me in return. Love me enough to let Me love you into perfect wholeness.

## LOVE IS A BOOK

*Alpha L. Post*

Love is a book that is sent by a friend
A thoughtful creation from beginning to end.
A spiritual blessing...pursuing a goal,
Binding a friendship...uplifting the soul...
Love is a book that is sent by a friend
A treasured possession no gift can transcend.

*SELECTIONS FROM*

# THE CHRONICLE OF REALITY

*George Edwin Burnell*

Let me illustrate: Robinson Crusoe made Daniel Defoe rich, famous, a lion among his fellows, but Crusoe never heard of this, never heard of it, never heard of Daniel Defoe at all! But suppose Defoe says to Crusoe, Come now, I want to take you into my life. I want you to learn not only this story which you think you know, about your hazardous affairs on the island, getting there and all that; I want you to know about what you lived and meant to me! Well, how can Crusoe even comprehend what Defoe is talking about? He can't, he can't comprehend what he is talking about. There is no chance of it. Nevertheless, he has got to! Nevertheless, no existence at all can come to Crusoe excepting the existence which he has rendered to his author. His other existence was a fiction in the beginning, it will be a fiction in the end; because illusion is just as true to itself as truth is.

But it so happens in this particular world in which you most fortunately live. . . . For it might have been a world forgotten; but it was not a world forgotten. It might have been a book not taken down from the shelf, but it is a book taken down from the shelf; He did take it down, and He did come to these characters and say to them, You belong to me. I have put my name upon you, and your life is to be in unity with me. No longer is your life made up of this fictional association and relativity, every bit of which is consigned to inevitable tragedy. Instead of that, I have called you to live a life that is a life. And I will do more than just call you to that abstract life. I will take with you such parts of your story as can and will coalesce with the truth.

This world and all that will ever be saved out of it, that is, all the reality there is to it, will be that which is described as being for the glory of the Author. You remember, Jesus one time healed a man of some very irresistible trouble, and the people

wanted to philosophize about it; thought the healing very wonderful, but they would just like to philosophize about it. So they asked Him, Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was in this condition? And He said, Neither one; but the healing was for the glory of God.

Now, when Crusoe was made drunk at his own stubborn will, after his father had warned him to stay at home and have the gout as he had it, and be reasonable—because it would have been better to have the gout than to go off and get drunk, and drown! But he would go; and he got drunk, and was carried off, and finally he was wrecked on a desert island. And the question is, was Defoe trying to show that everybody who gets drunk and disobeys his gouty parents will be isolated on an island to think it over? No? Maybe not; maybe he wrote about Crusoe for the sake of getting rich, for the sake of becoming famous, for the sake of exercising his art, you can say. But anyway, the result was that it wasn't the sin of Crusoe, or the folly of his father, or the maliciousness of the stormy ocean that was to blame for the turpitude of his life.

Now, the turmoil and the roil and the damnation and the hell and the fiendishness of your career—which is just beginning to strike into shape for a real, raw hell!—has nothing to do with your sins, or your virtues or your vices, or those of your father and mother before you, or of any devil collected in the invisible! Not at all, not at all! but to glorify the Writer of the Book of Life.

He took the book down, and He blew the dust off, and He said, These characters have done something for me. Now I will do something for them. But I am going to, I must ask of them that they give up this fictional life and take up with my life, my righteousness, my way of doing things, my thoughts, my world, my character; and if they won't, then I shall manage to forget them, very easily manage to forget them . . . .

. . . But what He did was to throw a light of life into this which was dead. . . . He threw a light, He resurrected this book, He put it on a stage, as it were. He set portions of Himself into those characters, dressed them up and led them along a story, and you are those people.

When He imparted to a character the sense that there was a being outside of the whole of experience who was the Maker, the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer, the Governor of it all; when He did that, He told them something they never could have suspected, because the plot had been provided with explanations of origin, and explanations of end, and explanations of everything that could possibly take place in the entire career of human beings, separately or collectively; everything had been gone over and through again and again, so that there was no guesswork about it. But He introduced the theory, the sense, the feeling, that there was another life, another kind of life, an undreamed-of life, an unsuspected life, which a human being could turn his mind to and he would get, as it were, a restoration of his memory about it.

You can't perform your art and put it under a bushel. The thing that you will do, which the Lord of this universe has allotted to you, is a success. And were it the meanest thing that a human being ever conceived of doing, it would become the very pinnacle of excellence!

And I want to say to you that you will never, never, never come anywhere near guessing it by fiddling with the riddle, the enigma of human experience.

What is it that I call the restoration of the art of your life? What is it? Is it that I should be able to distribute upon this gruesome, gloom-bestricken planet a few more assuagements of tears? Perhaps a little less pain? Not at all. There is no art, particularly, in that. What is it? The singular and wonderful thing that to this Book of Life, in which we stand together—Not as engines of manufacturing more experience day after day, week after week, strewing our minds' energies and all the weavings of the ways of the world —this is not what it is that we would glorify, that we would impart, nor is it the secret of life at all! . . . What is the secret of life? That this being that you have heard of as the Lord, as the Supreme Mind, as the infinite and eternal I AM, as the only and everlasting Spirit; that this Being always was, always will be, is now absolutely nothing at all but yourself.

. . . Come into that barren poverty of soul and Spirit where

the power of the Infinite One would meet you, an orphan and alone, and deliver the truth—the truth about you and your relations to Him.

This is not the pulling down of rainbows. Every rainbow is a reality, more than all the rainbows. The real and the unreal are but the shaking of that tree by the sunlight and the moonlight of a revolving jeopardy. But in the midst of these enemies there stands the Self, your Self, which you use when you say I. And this One is a living story, which He will tell you when you turn to Him.

(Contributed by Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain)

## DAYDREAMING

*Albert Jacobsen*

Softly raindrops falling
Varnish all the leaves;
Pensive doves are calling
Amongst the grain and sheaves.

As the sun peeps shyly
O'er the gold-fringed cloud,
A hummingbird flits by me,
Scintillating, proud.

Chanticleer is cheerily
Greeting good Old Sol;
Sombre clouds have nearly
Cleared a distant knoll.

Thrilled, a thrush is singing
Sweet-voiced roundelay;
Little children bringing
Toys outside to play.

Entering the garden,
Oldsters breathe content;
Rainbows crown the sodden
Earth and Firmament.

## *FOR A GRANDMOTHER*

How can I know you down the shadow years
between us of ashes and of flesh? The sun
shines in no crypt, and the mind's light in spheres
outside memory courts oblivion.

I hold, as in my upturned palm, a day
remembered of a golden light that shone
for us walking through autumn air, the way
your wonderment startled, that earth could own

such rioting, full-blood colors here, at peak
of the dying year; on such a day, you said,
he left, and the four children's deaths might speak
no minim of that loss: your wine and bread.

And picking up a red-gold maple leaf
you bent a glance upon it that was not grief.

## *ONE OF THE ANGELS SPEAKS WHOM JOSEPH SAW DISTANTLY*

I have reached this pinnacle of pain
by a subtle stairway that masks itself
as mysteries of time
but I shall not descend it lightly.
Oh no.
Measuring each trifling tread
I mark small treasures
under a sun that still remembers Eden:
like the black lie behind the upright wheat
bravely, blindly flaunting its one little season
arrogant of the shifting stars

6

*by Howard*

(oh spurious metaphor from Eleusis!)
and more lovely, for that, than immortality;
or like the comfortable cricket in the ear
who keeps on singing when the world falls silent
and people gape only mute puffs of sour complaints
into a faded, fading room;
or like the windows that are eyes, everywhere,
that cannot lie, but gaze naked upon all things,
vulnerable only to their own truth:
fawn's eyes, and children's, and the wily old crone's
perched, half vulture, on her cart
at the corner of Eighth and Main
who gave me a penny medal of St. Christopher
fished from a murky cache in her bosom
(whence rose a dense cloud that put out
the fragrance of spring violets
I had just haggled from her)
and she said, "All journeys are dangerous."
Only metaphors, these,
a perpetual viaticum,
triflin g images upon the stair
spiraling down the far side of the Milky Way
toward an invisible edge of sky
where begins a universe too young
for memories.



## *TO MY DOG*

You are brave, not from your shepherd blood,
the instinct that hurled you, barely half grown
across the car's path
and saved a child for some other death;
but, like a man's, your true valor

lies in your strain to understand,
your heart-rending effort to become aware,
to attain beyon d an animal's consciousness.
I think your courage is your own,
is (if a beast has one) your special personhood,
perhaps in instinctive grief
at being only a dog (as we are only men)—
as if, when the flesh fails to affirm its own perfection
then the spirit must kill it or itself expand.
Perhaps.

I only know that you have wakened me,
from reverie or work or sleep,
by some alert and bumbling touch
along a common nerve,
and I have roused, surprising you standing at me,
your mute eyes demanding.
And though sometimes, in return, I think toward you
or try to answer in the few human words you know,
always some dark corner of my love cries out
in grief and joy for creatures—sometimes men—who also strain
beyond themselves.

## *NO ANGEL DARES*

When drained despair can front no further hill,
sinks to ground, sloughs, baring the core-dry seed,
beneath dead-man quittance the lost heart's well
proffers a living water at last need.

How deep runs man's immortal will to be
(despite each fool beginning, each false end)
something no angel dar es: that gallantry
that sows spirit's last seed to reap God's wind.

## *FOR ONE WHO HESITATES*

Not hope nor love you lack, but trust
that you'll keep true
to life, lifting each mote of dust
to light in you.

Toward spirit all flesh strains. From act
to atomed bit
man's deepest will strikes flame from fact,
like matches lit.

Then trust your need, risking the flame
each blood-beat sows
circling the riddle of your name
God knows.

## *NON SERVIAS?*

Grief is as final fact as man can know
plumbing his own essence to its core.
Pain's possibility can never grow
beyond that end; no thought or act tells more.

We sense this, and evade sorrow to glean
some dullest bud along the shrinking nerve;
grey days turn greyer, but fear's bramble screen
protects us from the truth we dare not serve.

Refuse to serve then, but relinquish too the strain
toward some inhuman joy of man's next grail,
cupped tears and blood, bright paradox of pain
against whose thorns there sings love's nightingale.

# THE PURCHASE

*A story by Eleanor Ebersole*

Outside of a roadside stand stood hundreds of jars, statues, and birdbaths. All of these were made of soft-colored cement and shaped in the smooth designs of a potter.

The man and woman who worked at the stand had not made the articles themselves. They sold them. The woman was jolly and talkative. She wore bright-colored aprons and spoke incessantly about her wares to any purchaser who might pull off the road to look at the merchandise.

The man was quieter. He listened and watched the proceedings. Then, after a time, pointed out the jar or statue or birdbath he thought would please his customer. He was usually right.

One day a woman traveling home wanted to buy a gift. She listened patiently to the bawdy comments of the saleswoman as she herself quietly estimated the value and the design of the pottery for sale.

Finally the woman walked over to a small statue of a boy whose face was round and touched by a look of wonder and silent joy.

"I would like that one," she said.

The man who had been watching nodded his approval. It was right for her.

After the small statue had been carefully crated and placed in the woman's car, she drove away.

Perhaps the salesman should have told her about the purchase. But she would discover this for herself. The statue she had chosen was the potter's own son—especially created for one who would choose it above all the other pottery at the stand.

*Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.*
*Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,*
*Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;*
*Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.*

# FRUITS OF SILENCE

*M. Tikamdas*

"Oh Saint! tell me in one word what shall I do to be worthy of the name of man; that I should become beloved of my fellow men and God my Maker and Creator."

The Saint replied: "Only do one thing; practice silence."

The Saint further said:—"Silence will save tremendous loss of energy which we have never realized. Silence is tonic for the brain and the nerves; it is most essential for physical health. Silence is most essential for mental peace; silence calms the mind; and when mind becomes calm, man sees himself as he is. His faults and weaknesses become clear to him!"

"Silence prepares the way for self examination. It is called introspection. Introspection leads to cool reflection; man tries to think what he is doing; why he is doing and what will be the ultimate outcome! Thus inner eye is opened; wisdom is born! Man tries to reflect coolly, 'Shall I do this?' 'Is it proper?' 'Will it benefit me?' Thus haste and impulsiveness are left behind. He attains wisdom and mental balance."

"But Master! will it not be difficult to practice silence when mind is averse to it?"

"Yes, my child; in the beginning only. Slowly and steadily the practice will become easier. And my son, once you have tasted the joy of silence, you will realize the utter futility of vain talk. Silence will become your hobby."

"In the beginning only, you need patience, perseverance and determination. But my beloved child, the fruits of silence are beyond your imagination. Truly, silence is the foundation of all virtues. Silence directly paves the way for tolerance and forgiveness. Silence is the very heart of wisdom! Silence also makes the practice of self-control easy. Silence raises the moral tone. It is the first step toward spiritual awakening. Without love and the practice of silence, all learning is in vain. For man's intellect remains clouded. He is victim in the hands of his passions. He can never see the clear light of Atman. For wisdom and holiness

are two pillars of Godliness. Silence is the foundation; without it, nothing is possible.

"My son, therefore, practice silence. Reflection, contemplation and meditation are the three steps necessary to enter peace and divine wisdom. On the other hand, all talk is disturbance to the mind. It begets arguments and bitter controversies. You lose the mental peace."

**(From MIRA. Contributed by Marcelia S. Wahl)**

## GUARD YOUR TONGUE

*Gene Rickett*

Guard your tongue,
  Don't take God's name in vain.
Use it for a more noble and glorious purpose
  That you may live again.

Guard your tongue,
  Be careful what you say.
Choose each and every word as though
  God were with you today.

Guard your tongue,
  When in the presence of another,
As a young child would
  In the presence of its mother.

Guard your tongue,
  While on this earth you trod,
Let every word that flows from your mouth
  Be a blessing to your God.

Guard your tongue,
  That others may see
The beauty of God
  Dwelling in thee. . . .

## GUIDANCE

*Mary Graham Lund*

I forgot myself.
But God does not forget me.
I forget upon what shelf
I left my power to see.
I forgot to pray.
But God opens the Way
And guides my hand
To find the Key
To myself.
At His command, I see again,
I pray.

## A STUDENT'S PSALM

*Shao Chang Lee*

The Lord is my Teacher,
In Him I trust.
He seats me in the halls of learning;
He leads me to the fountain of knowledge.
He restores sight to my mind;
He guides me in the path of wisdom for truth's sake.
Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of doubt,
I shall fear no evil, for He is with me.
His words of life—they inspire me.
He spreads for me a feast in the presence of my critics;
He fills my soul with hope.
My cup of joy brims over.
Surely goodness and kindness will follow me through my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of my Lord forever.

# MEDITATION AS A MEANS TO SELF-KNOWLEDGE

*Gopi Krishna*

It is safe to assume that the desire for meditation is an innate tendency of the human mind and has been in evidence for the past many thousand years. Meditation, in the generally accepted sense of the term, is concentration with a spiritual objective.

Patanjali, the most renowned authority on Yoga in India, divides meditation into three parts. Dharana, which means concentration in the preliminary stage. Then Dhyana, which means stabilized concentration for a certain length of time. And finally Samadhi, which means complete absorption in one thought or object to the exclusion of every other thought and even sense impression.

During Samadhi, one becomes oblivious to the world. The object of developing the practice of meditation to the point where only one object remains as the focus of attention and all other flow stops is to create a condition of stillness in the mind so that the reality behind our thoughts, fancies, passions, and desires becomes manifest. When this unveiling occurs, a new glorious world opens before the inner vision of the seeker. This inner world is far more extended and more marvelous than the universe perceived with our senses.

In all intellectual and creative work, concentration and absorption play a most important role. In fact, creative talent or genius is inseparable from absorption. We have heard or read stories about the intense states of absorption of men of genius like Newton, Einstein, and others. During the creative periods of a talented man, an abrupt interruption or disturbance is not only highly disagreeable but may also cause a shock.

Meditation of sustained concentration, therefore, is a natural process, and the same is true when meditation is used for God-realization. If we now turn to average men and women, we find with them also that it is the moments of intense absorption that provide them with the happiest, most beautiful, and most harmonious intervals in their lives.

Everyone knows with what concentrated attention one reads a most interesting and fascinating novel or story. We are absorbed in

it heart and soul for the time being. When we listen to enrapturing music, when we see a masterpiece of painting or sculpture, when we watch a fascinating drama or motion picture, when we see a grand panorama of nature, when we read of the exploits of space travelers and, from their eyes, see the pictures of our earth as a small rotating globe far away, we often enter into deep, absorbed states of mind. It is then we forget ourselves and our surroundings in the intensity of our feelings.

These aspects of deep engrossment show that meditation plays a signal role in our lives. But why is it that this state of deep concentration is necessary for the intellectual and the genius in their creative activities and also for average men and women for their most thrilling moments?

It is because of such moments that we come nearer to our soul—the fountainhead of all knowledge, all science, all art, all music, all happiness, and all the exquisite sensations we enjoy.

They do not come from our learning, skill, or practice, or from the instruments and objects we employ, but from the unfathomed depths of our own being.

All spiritual exercises and all methods of meditation, all modes of worship and prayer enjoined by the founders of religions and great spiritual teachers, are directed to achieve one purpose and one purpose alone: that is to reach the deeper levels of the soul and, through it, the universal spirit, the Eternal Source of all. The mystic in trance—or the yogi in Samadhi—attains to a state of concentration where he is entirely absorbed in the contemplation of this source of all beauty, all harmony, all life, and all happiness in the universe. For this reason Indian sages call it Sat-Chit-Ananda or "existence-consciousness-bliss." It is a concentrated state of blissful consciousness impossible to describe.

It might be asked what are the surest means and infallible methods of reaching this glorious cosmic plane of being in which an individual lives constantly in contact with his immortal soul, free from fear and grief? I have no answer to this question nor, to the best of my knowledge, is there a positive answer in the revealed scriptures of any faith.

The reason is that we do not deal here with material objectives. We do not aspire here to have wealth, to cross an ocean, to make a discovery, to climb a mountain, to gain power or to visit the moon. Here we are aspiring to gain an approach to the ocean of consciousness that feeds all life in the universe, the Creator, and it is not we who can decide when the audience will be granted. All we can do is hope, aspire, make the right effort, have longing in our heart, and shape our whole life in a way to make the dream possible.

There is no secret entrance, no royal road, no magic key to reach the Author of our Being. We have to try for it with all our heart and soul and leave the decision in His hands. There is no magical formula or mantra or secret method of meditation that can work miracles and carry us to higher states of consciousness by the momentum of our own efforts without divine grace. This is a point on which all religions and religious disciplines are agreed. The door must be opened from the inside. We cannot force it.

A realization of this point is of the greatest importance in our approach to meditation and our choice of the methods to be employed and practiced. We should realize that we can only knock at the door and continue knocking until our prayer is heard and the door is unlocked. An understanding of this fact can be of greatest help to us and save us pain and disappointment.

Viewed from this angle, meditation becomes part and parcel of our lives, a lifelong occupation, a permanent duty. We do not have to hurry, we do not have to find magical methods, but we do have to tune our mind so that the thought of the Divine is never far from it. We can attend to all our occupations and duties without the least hindrance—perhaps even more efficiently—if divine thoughts always occupy a place at the back of our minds.

This is what Christ means when he says to love your God with all your heart and soul: a beloved object occupies a permanent place in the thought of the lover.

But what is the source of this desire for meditation, this urge to experience God or attain an inner state of peace and beatitude? It comes from the continuing evolution of our brains—because man-

kind has to reach a higher state of consciousness for which there is a special arrangement in the brain and nervous system of man. This mechanism is not yet known. But it can be made known to the world of science.

It is necessary that this knowledge become well-known. Once it is known, meditation for gaining higher states of consciousness by stimulating this center in the brain will become an integral part of human life.

## MOUNTAINS TO CLIMB

*Jack Ashby*

I pray you, Lord, keep giving me mountains to climb,
Give me obstacles that I must work
To overcome. If we spend all our time
On easy ways, it's apt to make us shirk
The responsibilities that make us grow
Because the obstacles that we surmount
Are what give us the strength we need to go
On to the higher goals that are what count.
The level roads are easier to take;
There no one has to climb, for all is flat;
But let me travel worlds I know will make
Me stronger, and it takes obstacles for that.
So give me mountains to climb, oh Lord, I pray;
So I may gain the strength to go my way.

*

*I have been driven many times to my knees, by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day.* —*Lincoln*

## *POEMS*

*by Elizabeth Twyeffort*

### *THE SILK WORM*

You know me, Lord,
And my insatiable desire
For mulberry leaves:
To digest one after another
Is my work in life.
But I have one great desire
That I might spin
A thread of shining silk
To span the distance
From earth to heaven
To reach you, Lord.

### *THE BLOW FISH*

I know, dear Lord,
That you use fish
As your sacred symbol.
But why not me?
Am I such a freak
When I protect myself
By blowing into a balloon?
I make humans laugh,
But in derision.
They toss me back
Into the water, unwanted.
You taught me my trick.
Use me too, dear Lord,
That I may see you smile.

### *NEW SEEDS*

No furrows may be ploughed
in sorrow's fields,
And yet the infinite
has tender yields
That touch the stunned of heart
and lie concealed.

The parching earth absorbs
the flash-flood rain,
As down through fallow fields
a filtered gain
Adds tender shoots to raise
new seed from pain.

ALICE C. TEEL (1879-1972)

In her ninety-three years Alice C. Teel could be said to have retired three times. She was such a valuable person that retirement was not for her. Her first career was as a teacher and later as Dean of Girls at Newton High School in Newton, New Jersey. Her second involved work for United China Relief and (as it was then called) The United Board for Christian Colleges in China.
Her third was with Fellowship in Prayer—starting in 1956, after the sudden death of founder Carl Allison Evans, when she became Editorial Assistant for this publication. For nearly thirty years Mrs. Teel was a loyal and cherished friend of its Executive Secretary.

Born in Phillipsburg, N. J., she was educated at Rutgers University and Oxford. Her husband Harry C. Teel died in 1919. She lived in the area of Hackettstown, N. J. most of her life. She was a member of many organizations: The Fortnightly Club of Newton, the State Deans Association of New Jersey, the Warren County Historical Society, the Woman's Club of Hackettstown and the Literary Society. She was a Trustee of the Hackettstown Library. She belonged to Trinity United Methodist Church. Following her first retirement (from teaching), she traveled extensively, making many trips to Europe as well as the Holy Land and the Carribean and through this country.

It is with great regret that the Fellowship announces the death of Alice C. Teel on July 10.

## PREPAREDNESS

*Martha Fowler Reichle*

When man
strings
pearls of faith
on his golden
thread
of being
he is
fashioning
his ethereal
robe
with skeins
of truth
and light.

## POEM

*R. D. MacKenzie*

Flowers like beanstalks jack up the blue
Colourful paintpots lining their tops
Silver round globelets falling to you
Raindrops silver flowertop treasures.

Day again breaks with colours splashing
Shower bathing first thing in the day
Thunder rumble gnashing giant teeth—
Who would not give beans for such a day?

## *NOTICES AND COMMENT*

*ARE YOU MOVING?* If so, please let us know your new address as soon as possible. Postal rates are now so high that we will appreciate every effort you make to facilitate our mailing the bi-monthly without error. One of the biggest helps you can offer is to renew your subscription before it expires.

. . .

*CHANGES ON OUR MASTHEAD.* Fellowship in Prayer is happy to announce the following:

**BETTY MILLER DALY*, of Broadway, North Carolina, formerly an Advisor from the Southern Zone, becomes one of our Contributing Editors. Of Moravian heritage, Betty was born in Winston-Salem. She trained as a pathology technician at Bowman Gray School of Medicine, and worked in clinical and research laboratories at Yale University, American Oncologic, Philadelphia General, and Rex Hospitals. She married Dr. Roswald Bernard Daly. They have four children, ages 16, 17, 21, and 22. She assists in her husband's clinic and is active in community affairs. Her book of poems *As A Woman Thinketh* has sold out its fourth printing. Her poetry and short stories have been published in various magazines and she has received many awards for her writing. She currently serves as president of the North Carolina Poetry Society. She is a member of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, the American Academy of Women Poets, and the National League of American Pen Women. She says the theme she most hopes to express in her work is "the oneness of all."

**WILLIAM WALTER DeBOLT*, of Trenton, Nebraska, also becomes a Contributing Editor. Dr. DeBolt is a minister of the United Church of Christ. He is the author of ten books of poetry. His work appears regularly in this publication and *Christian Century* and in university and other publications in the U.S., Canada, England, and India. He is a member of the Idaho Writers' League, the Poetry Society of

* Masthead, page 36.

Michigan, and the World Poetry Society Intercontinental. He is listed in *Who's Who in the West* and *International Who's Who in Poetry*. (His latest book, *Little Windows*, published by Candor Press, 1972 - price $2.00)

**FLORENCE DeGROAT*, of Hemet, California, becomes an Advisor from the Western Zone. A graduate of Radcliffe College, an author, Mrs. DeGroat has devoted her energies to the study and promotion of prayer. She brings to the Fellowship wide reading, knowledge and experience and unusual enthusiasm.

**ROBERT G. ANDRUS*, of Princeton, New Jersey, becomes an Advisor from the Eastern Zone. A retired Presbyterian minister, Dr. Andrus is also an educator, having been headmaster of several well-known schools in the Middle West. An author (one of his books relates his experiences in counseling the late Adlai Stevenson when he became a member of his church), a world-traveler and a man of practical affairs, he is going to work closely with the Fellowship on expansion programs.

Each of these persons has earned his or her appointment by means of the most generous contribution of time and effort and shared faith. It is this sort of freely given help that has kept the Fellowship alive over its twenty-two (now almost twenty-three) years. We are grateful to them and all others like them.

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## THE GREATEST ARTIST

*Jean Moore Smith*

Who paints the summer sunset of cerise
above the turquoise lake,
Those red and yellow maples in the fall,
White winter snow on tree and bush like frosting
on a layer cake?
He causes violets in the spring beside
the rippling brook to wake.
God is the greatest artist of them all.

## LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

*Catherine Cabeen Houck*

I light a fire upon my hearth
That gives both warmth and light,
I do not dread if winds now blow
And all around is night.
If I should prop the door a crack,
In humanity's name,
Would darkness then come rushing in,
Put out my cheerful flame?
Or would my glowing light reach out
To penetrate the gloom
And make the space all round about
As bright as my small room?

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## PRAYER THERAPY

*Julius Feinstein*

Whenever I had prayed to God
To help me solve an unsolved problem
That for a while had tortured me
I found the facts to solve that problem
And to remove that problem from me.
And when I solved that unsolved problem
That problem no more tortured me
And thus removed that problem from me.
That's why my prayers have been for me
A kind and needed therapy.

## GIVE THANKS

*Carla Patsuris*

For rivers to the sea
Where blue with blue is blending
Season after season;
Reflections never ending

Give thanks for garden plots
Umber-hued in haze
Of bronze and heliotrope;
Thank HIM for Autumn days. . .

Asters donning purple,
Realms of golden-rod,
Amorous vines unwinding
And, oh, thank God

For kittens, puppy-dogs,
Squirrels, birds on wings,
Angels in miniature
And every-day things

Like. . . sun-rays streaming
Clouds in opulent skies
With silver linings—then—
Give thanks, give thanks for eyes.